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ISRAFIL.

ISRAFIL.

By Frances L. Mace.

I.

Israfil!
Stay thy sickle on vale and hill.
Come from the woods whose gorgeous leaves
Pale and wither beneath thy tread.
Come from binding among thy sheaves
Dearer blossoms of beauty dead,
Of grandeur and of worth
Wrested away from earth.
Bend thy sorrowful eyes on me,
Angel of death! and while nature breathes
One hour from thy sad dominion free,
Tell me the mystery of thy woe,
The legend I only have heard in dreams.
Over my heart shall flow
In fuller measures the solemn strain,
Up from depths of tears and pain
Rising to patience—rising again
To a paean of triumph.
Hush! be still!
Whence this odor of amaranth wreaths?
Whence these faint and star-like beams
Shed from feet which make no sound?
A touch of fire
Is on my lyre,
And its strings, with a sudden, rapturous bound,
Thrill beneath the angel fingers.
Thou art come! Thou art gone!
Yet in all my being lingers
A breath celestial, a voiceless tone.
I shall not utter my song alone,
Israfil.

II.

On Paradise
A softer hue of glory lies,
The hush of evening, for the night
Comes slowly o'er young Eden's skies,
Reluctant to conceal from sight
One blossom's radiant dyes.
A thousand birds amide the shade
To sleep their shining plumage fold;
A thousand flowers that cannot fade
Perfume afresh their leaves of gold.
Far off, rising stars illume
The gentle yet half fearful gloom
Which folds in deeper shades yon myrtle bower.
There, lost in slumbers pure and deep,
Wrapt in the stillness of the hour,
Unconscious yet of tempter's power,
The first-born, guiltless mortals sleep.

III.

Lo! down the airy waste
Four shining angels haste.
Their eager wings make music as they come.
Flashing along the night,
All redolent of light,
As if the splendors of their upper home,
Reflected still, illumed their earthward flight.
On, swiftly on, past star by star,
Leaving a path of glory far
Behind their luminous wings at last
The measureless expanse is past,
And at their feet in beauty lies
The new-made earthly Paradise.
As when from envious shadow breaks
Sweet Hesperus and walks the isles
Of heaven's blue temple, nature smiles
And added grace and beauty takes,
So Eden, conscious in its dreams
Of a diviner atmosphere,
Breathes richer fragrance far and near,
And in the angelic presence beams.

IV.

A moment stay their steps, to view
Charms to angel vision new;
Roses burdened with the dew
By the tender night distilled;
Birds whose last good-night is trilled,
Sleeping on the tremulous bough;
Fountains white in moon-lit glow—
But a moment; for the night
Deepens, and without the gate
Evil spirits hide and wait.
Each bright angel seeks his post,
Armed, and mightier than a host
Of the envious, guileful band
That in outer darkness stand.
Northward, southward, westward go,
One by one, the heavenly guard,
Clothed about with garments white
That diffuse a silvery glow,
Bearing each a sword of light
With celestial jewels starred.
Last, with clinging steps that seem
Loath to sek his nightly stand
On the utmost eastern hill,
Youngest of the angel band,
Loveliest than a poet's dream,
Comes the angel Israfil!

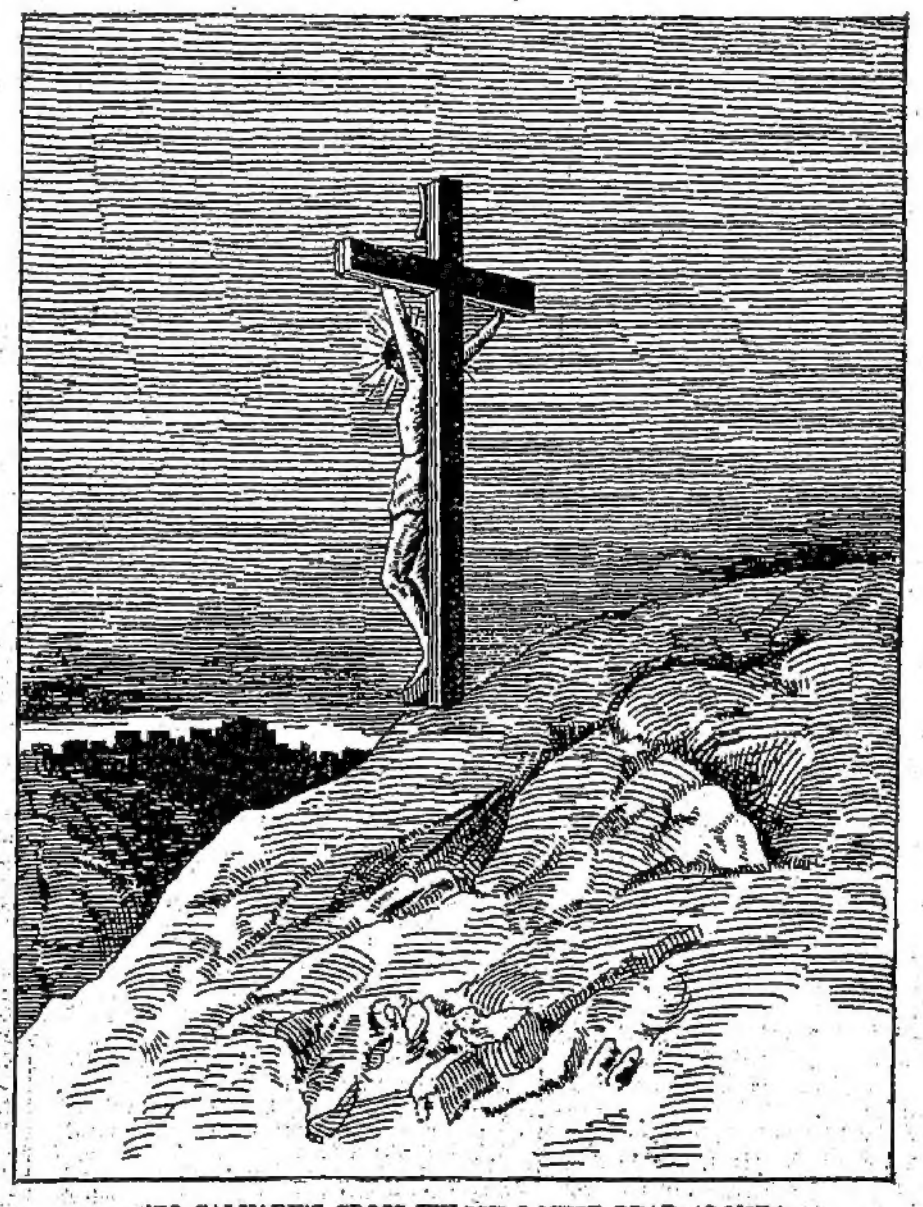
V.

Now quicker is his noiseless tread,
His silvery wings expanding spread,
Half floats he in the air with deep delight,
As scenes of new enchantment meet his sight.
His eyes of liquid azure, touched with fire,
More beautiful than can be sung or told,
Shine, 'neath the aureole of his locks of gold,
With a soft restlessness, a fond desire.
Adoring beauty with a love
Too passionate for one of angel birth,
Even at this hour he pants to rove
Amid the green bowers of the fragrant earth,
To hear once more the nightingale's refrain,
To touch the humid, sleeping rose again;
But most of all to see
The latest miracle of Deity
The revelation, unto angels new,
Of loveliness they scarcely yet conceive
As real, substantial, true:
The first of human womanhood,
The breathing form, the spirit pure and good,
The garden's royal flower, the new-created Eve.

VI.

O Israfil!
Bid thy impulsive soul be still;
Until the morning wait.
Leave not the haunted gate,
Where even now, by evil sense aware
Of thy untried and hasty mood,
The serpent king with envious hate
Whispers to tempt thy angelhood,
Of her, the wonderfully fair,
Whom but to look upon would be
A rapture and an ecstacy.
O Israfil!
Keep thou thy watch upon the star-lit hill;
Until the morning wait.
Then, when the summons from on high
Recalls thy comrades to the sky,
She shall come forth, and with sweet converse greet

(Continued on Last Page.)



'TO CALVARY'S CROSS WHICH I MUST BEAR ALONE.'

Lillie Pozer 228397

'MESSENGER BIBLE' COMPETITION.

THE GREAT EASTER STORY.

At Christmas time our young readers were busy writing the story of the birth of Christ. Now what more fitting than that at Easter time they should study of his death and resurrection. Our Christmas competition was the most closely contested we have had for a long time. Let us make the Easter competition still better, both in numbers and quality.

SIX HANDSOME PRIZES.

For the best story of the death and resurrection of Christ we will award six handsome prizes, three junior and three senior. The Senior Prize may be competed for by all young men and women under twenty-one; the Junior Prize by boys and girls of thirteen and under. The prizes are:

Frist Prize—A handsome Morocco Teacher's Bible, with references, maps and concordance.

Second Prize—A handsome Morocco Bible with references and maps.

Third Prize—A year's subscription to the 'Northern Messenger.'

The prizes for seniors and juniors are just alike.

RULES OF COMPETITION.

In competing, pay strict attention to the following rules:

1. Write on paper the size of note, and on one side only.
2. Pin sheets together at left hand upper corner.
3. Write some motto or fictitious name and age on the upper right hand corner of the first page.
4. Enclose full name and address in sealed envelope. Write your motto or fictitious name on the outside and pin it to upper left hand corner of the manuscript.
5. Essays must be neither rolled nor folded, but mailed flat.
6. The essay must not exceed 700 words in length.
7. If any winner of first or second prizes should already have a Bible we will substitute a book of the same value.

All essays must be mailed not later than fourteen days after the date of this paper.

Address all essays, 'Northern Messenger' Bible competition, John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

OUR CHINESE LILY BULBS.

We have received from our subscribers on all sides word of their success with our premium bulbs this past winter. Many wish to know if the Chinese lily bulb may be kept to blossom again next winter. One lady asks why she succeeded this winter but failed in the past when she gave the bulbs just the same care.

In reply to this query one of our subscribers, who always has great success with flowers, says: 'The probability is that the bulbs were inferior. The bulbs grown in this country are not ripened, the flower scape is not formed, and the consequence is there is no bloom. Some florists bloom the bulbs in their greenhouses for cutting in the winter; they are then put in the ground and in the fall are taken out and dried, and sold for flowering bulbs. Such bulbs will never flower. The bulbs exported from China are all flowering bulbs. The bulbs are grown by a method known only to themselves. They attain a great size and strong vitality. They will send up spikes of bloom in four to six weeks after planting. There is great cheating in those bulbs. When you are buying them, get those with dark rough skins and large size—the light-skinned ones are not ripened. The bulbs that have bloomed once are of no use. By setting them in the ground in the spring they will grow to a large size, but I never had one bloom yet. I have had the best success with this lily when grown in rich soil mixed with coarse sand half and half. I have drainage in the pot and keep it in a saucer filled with water all the time. The flowers are much larger and some will come double.'

CHRIST AROSE ON EASTER DAY.

(By Phillips Brooks.)

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer;
Death is strong, but life is stronger;
Stronger than the dark, the light;
Stronger than the wrong, the right.
Faith and hope triumphant say
Christ will rise on Easter Day.

While the patient earth lies waking,
Till the morning shall be breaking,
Shivering 'neath the burden dread
Of her Master cold and dead,
Hark! She hears the angels say
Christ will rise on Easter Day.

And when sunrise smites the mountains
Pouring light from heavenly fountains,
Then the earth blooms out to greet
Once again the blessed feet;
And the countless voices say
Christ has risen on Easter Day.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON II.—April 12, 1896.
Luke 14: 15-24.

THE PARABLE OF THE GREAT SUPPER.

Commit to Memory vs. 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come; for all things are now ready.—Luke 14: 17.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus was now in the Perean country. This was a part of Palestine, having a range of high hills down which streams of clear water flowed to the Jordan. In the Old Testament it is called Gilead. There were a good many Jews in the land, but most of the people were Arabs and Syrians, who did not worship the God of the Jews. Jesus went to Perea because it was no longer safe for him to be in or near Jerusalem. The chief priests and Pharisees were determined to kill him, and his work was not yet done. The people of Perea were ready to hear him, but there were proud Pharisees there too.

It was in Perea that Jesus told some of the most beautiful parables, or stories with a meaning.

One day when he was at a dinner at the house of a rich Pharisee he saw how each one tried to get the best place. The Pharisees thought that when Christ came he would set up his kingdom by giving a great banquet to his friends, and they wanted to be there and have high places at the feast. Jesus told a story to show what eating bread in his kingdom really was. Read the story in Luke 14: 16-24. By the great supper Jesus meant the kingdom of heaven. It was God who made the great supper, and Jesus was the servant who invited the guests. First he invited the priests and Pharisees and Jews, but they would not hear him. Then he called the poor and those for whom nobody cared, and so his house was filled with guests.—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. The Supper Prepared. vs. 15-17.
II. The Invitations Declined. vs. 18-20.
III. The Tables Filled. vs. 21-24.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 13: 1-9, Parable of the Barren Fig Tree.
T. Luke 13: 10-21, Healing and Teaching.
W. Luke 13: 22-35, Warning against Sin.
Th. John 10: 22-42, At the Feast of Dedication.
F. Luke 14: 1-24, Parable of the Great Supper.
S. Luke 14: 25-35, The Cost of Discipleship.
S. Isa. 55: 1-13, The Gracious Invitation.

Time.—A.D. 30. January, soon after the Feast of Dedication, which Jesus attended at Jerusalem, December 20-27, A.D. 29.

Place.—Perea, near Bethabara where John at first baptized.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

The Home Readings for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday give the record of events following Lesson XII., March 22, 1896, and up to near the close of Jesus's journey through Perea toward Jerusalem. Then coming to Bethany he visited Mary and Martha. Luke 10: 38-42. We next see him at Jerusalem at the Feast of Dedication, Dec, 20-27, A.D. 29. Here the Jews sought to arrest him, but he retired beyond Jordan, probably to Bethabara, where many believed on him. Thursday's Reading. He was invited on the Sabbath to a feast at the house of one of the Pharisees, and while there healed a dropsical man, rebuked the selfishness of the Pharisees who sought the best seats, and spoke the parable in to-day's lesson. It is a rich exposition of God's merciful provision for sinners, and of his desire for their salvation. At the same time it warns and rebukes those who refuse the gospel invitation. In Saturday's Reading Jesus shows that those who would follow him should count the cost.

QUESTIONS.

What was the occasion of this parable? What is represented under the figure of the great supper? What invitation was sent to those who were bidden? How did those who were invited treat the invitation? What excuses did they give? What excuses like these do men now make for neglecting the gospel? Who were then invited? What final command was given to the servant? What did the Lord say of those who had despised his invitation? What important truths are taught by this parable?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Salvation is a heavenly feast prepared for earthly guests.
2. Many people reject the invitations of mercy, and refuse to come to the feast.
3. The excuses for not accepting Christ are only refusals put into polite words.
4. When some reject salvation the messengers are sent to others.
5. The worst sinners are invited to come to Christ and be saved.—Westminster Question Book.

ILLUSTRATION.

The invitation. 'Say—come.' V. 17. 'I have been in and out of this church for forty-five years and no one ever invited me to Christ before,' said an old man, as a young lady took his hand and asked him to accept salvation.

'Come with me to the revival service to-night,' one young friend said to another. The invitation was accepted and another soul was saved. A young man during one revival season brought eighty-two persons to the altar.

'Lady, talk more,' said an employee on a railway train in answer to a few words about Christ. 'It does me good; it's just as my mother used to talk, and you are the first one who has spoken to me about my soul since my mother died.'

The Compulsion. 'Compel them to come.' V. 21-23. Lovingly, gently, persistently. We have heard an evangelist, much used of God, tell how, on the evening of his decision to become a Christian, Mary C. Nind held him by the hand and persuasively drew him, while a gentleman, much interested in his salvation, gently pushed him toward the altar. They compelled him. We stood one evening, at the close of a service, conversing with an infidel. Again and again we asked the privilege of kneeling with him and praying, but each time he refused and turned to go. The touch of our hand on his arm would detain him. It was late. He was a poor man. At last we said, 'Is it not the least a gentleman could do to let a lady pray with him when she had waited until this hour.' 'You may,' he said, quickly, and not unkindly. As we finished we said, 'Pray for yourself.' He surrendered, and accepted the invitation to the gospel supper, and arose with such a happy look on his face. 'I can never say again I do not believe there is a God; I know it,' he said. After days proved him true. —Arnold's Practical Commentary.

LESSON III.—April 19, 1896.

Luke 15: 11-24.

THE LOST FOUND.

Commit to memory vs. 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15: 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

There are three beautiful parables, or stories, in the fifteenth chapter of Luke. They all teach the same lesson, that God loves the lost and sinful people so much that when one leaves his sins and comes back to God and goodness there is joy among all the angels in heaven.

The last one of the stories is about a rich man who had two sons, and the younger one came and asked to have his share of his father's money. His share would be one-third, and his father gave it to him, and he went away. He spent it all, for he lived only to please himself. Then he had to work, and to do very low, hard work, and even then he could not earn enough to satisfy his hunger. He took care of swine, and often ate the hard dry pods of the carob tree. At last he went home to his father and told him how foolish and wicked he had been. His father saw him coming and ran to meet him and kissed him, and was full of joy because his lost son had come home. He even made a feast and asked his friends to come and help him rejoice over the son that had been lost, but now was found.

God loves the humble one who sees his sins and is sorry for them more than the proud one who thinks himself very good and looks down upon those who have strayed away from God.—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. Leaving Home. vs. 11-13.
II. In the Far Country. vs. 14-19.
III Returning and Restored. vs. 20-24.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 15: 1-10, The Lost Sheep and Piece of Money.
T. Luke 15: 11-24, The Prodigal Son.
W. Luke 15: 25-32, The Elder Son.
Th. Psalm 40: 1-17, The Helper of the Needy.
F. Isa. 63: 7-16, God our Father.
S. Psalm 103: 1-22, The Pitying Father.
S. Eph. 2: 1-22, The Far-off Made Nigh.

Time.—A.D. 30, January, shortly after the last lesson.

Place.—Perea.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

After the parable of the Great Supper, multitudes attended Jesus. He told them plainly what is required of true disciples. Last Saturday's Reading. Many publicans and sinners came to hear him. The Scribes and Pharisees complained because he received sinners and ate with them. In justification of his action Jesus spoke three parables. In all of them God's yearning love for sinners and his joy over their salvation, are beautifully pictured. In the first two (Monday's Reading) the seeking love of God for the lost is especially shown (comp. Matt. 18: 11-14 and Luke 19: 10), while the third (Tuesday's and Wednesday's Readings) exhibits his welcoming love to the penitent. Consider carefully the other Readings for the week which throw additional light upon that great love which commends itself by the fact that while we were yet sinners, and enemies, Christ died for us, to reconcile us to God.

QUESTIONS.

Who came in great numbers to hear Jesus? Of what did the Scribes and Pharisees complain? How did Jesus answer them? Describe the first parable. The second. What do these especially show? What is especially exhibited in the third parable? Who is represented by the father? The two sons? How did the younger son sin? Into what misery did it bring him? How did he show his repentance? How did the father welcome him? What must we do to be received by our heavenly Father? What is repentance unto life?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We can leave God if we will; God does not compel us to stay.
2. Sin soon wastes our blessings and leaves us beggared.
3. The soul has hungers which this world has no power to satisfy.
4. The only thing to do is to repent and return to God.
5. The sinner who comes to God is welcomed home and restored.

ILLUSTRATION.

Degraded. Sent 'to feed swine.' V. 15. Companionship with the lowest. 'The palace of pleasure has a gorgeous entrance, adorned with statuary and brilliant lights and luring music. The exit is a dark, narrow, concealed, rear way, which leads into the fields where the swine are kept.' It is degrading to fail to be what we might have been, to have companionship lower than our privilege, to live for purposes lower than God intended. One with unblemished reputation, an elegant home and no gross vices may be living a degraded life. If his powers are frittered away, if his enjoyments are worldly, as sure as the sensualist of the parable, he has turned away from a celestial feast to prey upon garbage.'

The Way Home. 1. Consider. 'He came to himself.' V. 17. A pleasure-loving young lady was persuaded to think on her eternal interests. The world was fascinating, and the life of a Christian seemed narrow and unattractive, but as she thought of the future she said to herself 'I will decide this matter.' Taking a sheet of paper she wrote upon one page 'Reasons why I should serve the Lord,' and upon the opposite page 'Reasons why I should serve the world.' She made the comparison honestly. The reasons for serving the Lord were so many and momentous, and for serving the world so few and paltry, she threw the paper from her in utter disgust of herself. On her knees, seeing how she had been feeding on husks her soul loathed them. She came to herself and to her Father and felt his forgiving kiss, and was clothed with his robe of righteousness and filled with his own peace and joy.—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE HOUR-A-WEEK CLUB.

A STORY FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

(Annie A. Preston, in 'The Christian Work.')

'According to appearances now it will be a rainy day to-morrow,' said Farmer Mosely, as he drove his fat horse and Concord buggy up to a little group of ladies who were standing on the sunny side of one of the village churches, one balmy March afternoon.

'Rain? I wish it would and finish settling the mud,' said Mrs. Calendar.

'No wonder you think of the old saying,' added Mrs. Morse, 'it is such an unusual thing for the women in this village to be out-doors any day excepting on Sunday. I didn't see how I could get away to-day, but Mrs. Black was such an old neighbor.'

'I know it,' said Mrs. Johns. 'I left my ironing, and I must hurry back, for my bread will be ready to go into the oven.'

'You all left something, I'll be bound,' said Farmer Mosely again, in his good-natured way.

'Of course, for there is always the cleaning and scrubbing that comes along all the time.'

'She would have been alive to-day if she hadn't killed herself cleaning house all the time,' said Mrs. Mosely, who was by this time seated in the Concord by the side of her husband, looking up at the tolling bell; 'and you are all going the same way, and what does all this wearing yourselves out amount to?'

'That's what I say all the time,' said Mrs. Liscomb; 'for I am so tired every day of my life that I am as cross as two sticks, and take no comfort myself, even if I do endeavor to make my household comfortable.'

'Perhaps you might make them more comfortable with less pains,' said the farmer; and the women sighed one after another.

'I am tired to death all the time!' 'I don't see how any one can be good-natured under such circumstances;' and some one said:

'I hope the time will come some time when I can get out once in a while and call on my neighbors and have company as my mother used to.'

All the other women nodded and looked sympathizing, but Mr. Mosely continued: 'That's what she always said,' pointing his whip toward the procession wending its way down the hill to the cemetery, and his wife added:

'You are all nice, well disposed women; but you are going on in a foolish and wicked way, each afraid of what the others will say if a line of the old established custom in housework is deviated from.'

They all looked up in astonishment at the spirited little woman in the Concord. Had it been Mrs. General Scolley or the minister's wife, or the doctor's wife even; but that Mrs. Mosely, who lived away up the Rockcap road on an isolated farm, should presume to lay down rules for the village women, was something past comprehension.

'What would you have us do?' asked Mrs. Crane, dolefully.

'Learn to make the most of your lives as you go along. Strive to be neat enough and orderly enough without being foolish. Housework is a necessity, and should be the pleasantest and healthiest work in the world. When it is not so, the housewife is making a great mistake some way in her management.'

'I think every woman has her own way of doing housework,' said Mrs. Johns, a little stiffly.

'Yes, so do I,' assented her opposite neighbor, eagerly, and some one quickly put in:

'It is very hard for me to make a change.'

'But it is easy for you to change the fashion of your clothing. Not one of you, I am bold to say, would wash dishes in a calico gown that had not sleeves like balloons, in which her arms are somewhat lost.'

'Yes, I know,' said Mrs. Waller, 'but some one is always liable to come in, and what would any one say to find us in a wrapper with tight sleeves, even if the ironing of those same calico or gingham sleeves does wear us threadbare, so far as nerves are concerned, every week?'

'And if tight sleeves should come in, you would cut yours all over, and find time to do it.'

'I suppose so.'

'But you cannot change your manner of doing your housework so as to give you a few hours of leisure every day?'

'I have been in a treadmill for so long, that I don't know what I should do with my leisure.'

'We might start an hour-a-week club, and go around from house to house and talk these things over,' still suggested Mrs. Mosely.

'Who would go?'

'All of us, I hope, and all our neighbors.'

'Would you come the two miles?'

'Only when you came to hold the meetings with me.'

'Try it,' cried Mr. Mosely. 'This has been a good meeting, as I can testify. Hold another a week from to-day. It may save us from a dry summer.'

The ladies all laughed, for the procession was well out of sight, and the bell had ceased tolling, and Mrs. Andrews, who lived next door to the church, said:

'Meet with me next week, from three until four, each with an idea as to how our work may be made lighter. I feel like a new creature already, from having my lungs filled with fresh air during the time we have been standing here.'

'So do I,' said Mrs. Shenstone, 'and we all have been helped on the principle that misery loves company.'

'Count me out there,' laughed Mrs. Mosely, as they drove away. 'Good-bye.'

'I wonder if anyone will go?' they all said over and over to themselves, a dozen times a day, and they each invited some one to accompany them, so as not to be embarrassed by being alone.

Thus it transpired that as the town clock on the church steeple struck the hour of three on the day appointed, the same company, with several reinforcements, having gathered on the church steps, proceeded together to Mrs. Andrews'. As she opened the door at their approach a boy running past called out:

'Who's dead? We hadn't heard of no funeral.'

'No wonder he asked,' said Mrs. Neff. 'I said to my husband when I was washing my dinner dishes, and dipping them in hot water and leaving them to drain without wiping them so as to get time to come, that that was what everybody not in the club would think.'

'Why do you not do your dishes that way after every meal?' asked Mrs. Mosely. 'I do, and it saves me an hour a day and the dishes are nicer.'

'I left the table set so as to have it ready for supper,' said Mrs. Johns. 'I don't, usually; I clear it away, and take the leaves out and push it back, and lifting those heavy leaves and adjusting that extension table three times a day does make a lot of work.'

'You lift the leaves six times,' said Mrs. Mosely.

'Yes, but I want the room to look like a sitting-room if anyone comes in, and I don't think anyone can help me out unless the club builds me a dining-room.'

'For the present you can change the arrangement of your room and put your table where your sofa now stands and leave it with the leaves in, saving you a half hour's hard work every day, for six times five is thirty minutes. And as soon as the weather is warm enough, fit up your pretty square porch for a summer parlor, and entertain your familiar friends there. For more formal occasions you have your parlor. Then you can leave your table set and you will find that it will save you a great deal of time.'

'I will try it, and thank you for the suggestion. When that porch was built I fancied I should sit there a great deal, but I never have.'

'We none of us avail ourselves of the opportunities we have of breathing the fresh air,' said Mrs. Fish. 'Now you have put an idea into my head. I might keep my table set all the time on my door stoop; it would make a fine summer dining-room. I have often wished it was enclosed, although it is pleasanter as it is, except for flies.'

'It is completely shaded with vines, and a piece of fly netting, costing forty cents, would make a complete curtain. It would be like eating in a grape arbor for the whole summer, and you will not only see how much time it saves you, but how enjoyable a cool, airy room will be for your husband and sons, where they may take their time, sure that the table is not in the way.'

'I wanted to come so badly that I saved time by shirking my ironing,' said Mrs. Stebbens. 'I have heard of people doing that; the idea was not original. I am not one of the people who have original ideas.'

'Why have you not done it before?'

'I didn't dare to. I was afraid some of you would find it out. I folded my sheets, and ran them and the pillow cases and towels through the wringer, smoothed the common night gowns and some other things, and, really, my ironing seemed to be next to nothing. The house was not heated, and I was not so tired as to be cross. So it was a great saving altogether.

'And one to be commended and followed,' said Mrs. Johns. 'Who has the next experience?'

'Well, if we are all to economize time, we need none of us fear to make confession. I shirked about my sweeping and dusting and polishing windows. I don't know as I need to go all over the house every week, whether it needs it or not.'

'I hope you will never any of you be so foolish as to do that again,' said Mrs. Mosely. 'There is such a thing as being over-nice, as you will confess at some future meeting, no doubt. Mrs. Kendall looks as if she had something to say.'

'Yes,' said a bright little woman over in the corner. 'My find is in the matter of food. I have always spent so much time in making pies that were not nutritious, and some that I knew were positively injurious; but quite lately I have heard of the biscuit made of shredded wheat, and my family are taking to them so kindly, eaten with fruit, with cream, with butter and cheese, and even plain in milk, that the dessert problem seems effectually solved, as the shredded wheat is something anyone does not tire of. Come to my house next week, and I will give you a lunch of shredded wheat biscuits and cereal coffee.'

'Two invitations ahead already,' said Mrs. Miner. 'It looks as if we were going to keep this thing up, and were going to find time for it.'

'I want to suggest,' said Mrs. Calendar, 'that as soon as it is warm weather enough we meet out-doors, in some of the pleasant places in which this locality abounds, and that our plan of work shall be, "Suggestions for the good of the community." No gossip to be allowed.'

'That seems unnecessary,' said Mrs. Mosely; 'we have had two meetings, no one has been inclined to gossip, and several of our members are yet unheard from.'

The club grew and flourished, and was the means of revolutionizing society in the town, which is now as progressive in every way as any town in the commonwealth, and the houses are really better, because more sensibly kept than of yore.

'The women have all grown young and handsome,' declares Farmer Mosely, and their husbands doubtless could testify that they are better natured than they were before the club was organized.

'Hush!' cried Mrs. Johns, 'because you were at our first meeting it is no reason for your declaring our secrets; but we are better in every way, because we are living on the high plane of neighborly love taught by Christ himself. I wish we could induce women in other country places to hold an hour-a-week club.'

A COTTON MATTRESS.

The 'boughten' mattress of wool, hair or husks, to be rendered more comfortable, needs the additional cotton mattress for each bed. It is also quite worth while to protect the heavy mattress from both the upper and under sides, as one cannot thoroughly renovate them without taking all to pieces, and that is work from which the average housekeeper would much prefer to be relieved.

To protect them from the under side heavy muslin is tacked over the springs, and the cotton mattress protects them from the upper side.

This mattress we make of heavy or medium weight unbleached muslin and cotton batting, one and a half widths, the desired length, for each side, and the thickness of said mattress to be governed by inclination. The muslin is put upon frames, cotton laid over, four rolls is about right, and it is tied after the fashion of comforts. One is quickly made. The ties need not be so close as in the comfort. The edges of mattress are just run together by hand, for after a while you will notice that it does not look quite so fresh and nice as it did at first, and you may wish to renovate it, and you will then be glad you have not machine stitching to rip out. The ties are very soon cut—much sooner than put in—the cotton put out for an airing and beating, and the soiled muslin goes into the wash, and pretty shortly you have a brand new cotton mattress again, made out of the old one. They will last a long time, and need 'repair' not oftener than once a year, and they do make a bed look so neat and tidy, and really there is something in 'looks' as well as comfort.

Mattresses are made of ticking, or striped or checked shirting, but we prefer the unbleached muslin.—Nellie Hawks, in 'Housekeeper.'

SELECTED RECIPES.

Potato Pancakes.—Boil six medium-sized potatoes in salted water until thoroughly cooked; mash them and set aside to cool; then add three well-beaten eggs, a quart of milk and flour enough to make a pancake batter. Bake quickly on a well-greased griddle and serve very hot. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Delicious Chicken Pie.—Take a pair of chickens, not too young, that have been carefully dressed; remove all the fat and skin, and the tendons from the drumsticks. Place in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and allow them to simmer gently for about two hours, keeping them tightly covered during the entire time. Remove the chickens from the fire, and add to the liquor in the saucepan a pint of milke; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour creamed with one of butter, season with a very little cayenne pepper, some onion juice and salt, and when thoroughly cooked and just before removing from the fire add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Pour over the chicken, which should previously have been cut into pieces and placed in a deep earthenware pie dish. When both sauce and chicken are quite cold place over all a rich cover of good paste, making an incision in the centre for the steam to escape; ornament prettily, brush over with the white of an egg, and bake in a moderately hot oven. When the paste is cooked the pie will be done.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Raspberry Jam Pudding.—Take two eggs, their weight in flour, sugar and butter, two tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam, and one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, then add flour, eggs, jam, and lastly the soda which should have been dissolved in a little cold water. Steam for one hour and a quarter.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

CANADA'S NATIONAL SONG.

Mr. John A. Cooper, in a recent number of the 'Canadian Magazine,' gives an interesting account of Alexander Muir, B.A., the author of Canada's national song.

Away back in the 'forties,' he writes, in one of the humble homes of a Canadian village, there might have been seen, one summer day, a kindly Scotch 'meenister,' holding between his knees a curly-headed youth. The minister was catechising him as to his Sunday-school attendance and his knowldege of the Bible, and found him very proficient.

'And he has made a poem, too,' said his Sunday-school teacher, the resident minister, who was also present. 'He has put it to the music of "Scots wha ha'."'

'Let us hear you sing it, Alexander,' said the visiting minister.

And the youthful poet sang it with his boyish simplicity and power, as if touched with Divine inspiration.

The minister put his hands on the boy's curly pate, and spake the prophetic words:

'Ye'll be weel ken'd yet afore ye dee.'

And the mother, after the manner of Scotch folk, treasured the saying in her heart, and encouraged little Alexander in his poetical and musical creatings.

That minister was the celebrated Scotch divine, Dr. Norman McLeod, then on a visit to this country, and that youth was afterwards the author of Canada's national song.

In October, 1867, two men were walking in a Toronto garden, a nursery. The dying maple leaves were falling from the trees, to be trodden under foot in spite of all their glory of crimson and gold coloring. A leaf fluttered down to the coat sleeve of one of the men, and was detained by the roughness of the cloth of which the garment was made. He tried to brush it off and thought he had succeeded, but as he was leaving he discovered that it was still hanging there, and its tenacity impressed itself upon his mind.

He remarked the occurrence to his companion, who was bidding him 'good afternoon,' and the latter said: 'You have been writing verses, why not write a song about the maple leaf?'

This was about four o'clock in the day, and in less than two hours afterwards the poem was written that has made the name of Alexander Muir a household word in every part of Canada.

Next day he was playing with his children and repeating the words of the poem aloud. His wife suggested that he set the words to music, so that he might sing them; for he had a pleasant, sonorous voice. He thereupon tried several tunes, but could find nothing to suit him.

'I'll have to compose one myself,' he said, and in a few hours afterwards the beautiful tune that has gladdened the hearts and refreshed the souls of thousands of Canadian patriots, that has reached the ears of thousands of English-speaking people in the United States and Great Britain, was on paper.

The following is the poem as corrected by the author:

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore the hero Wolfe,
Britain's glory did maintain,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain,
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And, joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Chorus.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our Queen, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

On many hard-fought battle-fields
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear
Firmly stood, and nobly died:
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
We'll rally round the Union Jack,
The Maple Leaf forever!

In autumn time, our emblem dear
Dons its tints of crimson hue;
Our blood would dye a deeper red,
Shed, dear Canada, for you!
Ere sacred rights our fathers won
To foemen we deliver,
We'll fighting die—our battle-cry,
'The Maple Leaf forever!'

God bless our loved Canadian homes,
Our Dominion's vast domain;
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold endless reign;
Our Union, bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green, o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far-famed land,
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God Bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's emerald isle!
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver;
God save our Queen, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

Soon after its composition Mr. Muir sang the song for a party of friends, among whom was the late Edward Lawson, a gentleman then prominent in the musical circles of Ontario's capital city. Mr. Lawson recognized its merit, and insisted that it should be published. He accompanied Mr. Muir one day to the 'Guardian' office, where arrangements were made for

ALEXANDER MUIR, B.A., Painted from Life by W. A. Sherwood.

publication. The first edition of one thousand copies was struck off and placed on sale.

The cost of this edition was $30, and this Mr. Muir paid out of his own pocket, although he had not expected to be compelled to do so. The total receipts from the sale of this edition—that found their way to Mr. Muir's pocket—were $4. Thus his profits were $26 less than nothing.

Year by year the song grew more popular. Music-dealers found it increasingly in demand, and one enterprising publishing house thought it worth securing—mark the word—and of their own accord copyrighted it, and issued another edition. Since then the sale has been enormous and the profits considerable, but not a penny of the latter has found its way to Mr. Muir. Such has been its financial success for the author. He is still $26 behind in his publishing venture.

But if 'The Maple Leaf Forever' did not bring him a monetary profit, it has brought him the profound gratitude, sincere respect, and imperishable love of a nation. His name is enrolled in the list of Canada's heroes—with Cartier, Champlain, Montcalm, Wolfe, McGee, Howe, Macdonald, and many others, who, though they have passed beyond the ken of mortal man, are still loved and reverenced. To-day Alexander Muir holds an enviable position in the hearts of the Canadian people, and it will be ever so. In Toronto, where he lives, being Principal of one of the Queen City's large public schools, he is a welcome and respected guest at all political and social gatherings, and possesses a host of friends and admirers who are always willing and pleased to do him honor. Perhaps in no place is he more at home or more lionized than in the Sergeant's Mess of that regiment with which he was long connected, and which bears the Maple Leaf as its emblem, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

Although Alexander Muir has lived in this country since the time when his limbs were first learning their strength, Canada has not the honor of containing his birth-place. His father, John Muir, taught school in Lesmanhagow, Lanarkshire, Scotland, and there Alexander was born. His early education was received at a school in the township of Scarboro (near Toronto), and at Queen's University, Kingston, from which he graduated in 1851. His whole life has been spent teaching in and around Toronto.

The portrait upon this page shows Mr. Muir as he is to-day. It is taken from a painting by Mr. W. A. Sherwood, and reproduces, in a remarkably accurate manner, the open and noble countenance of the man whom Canada delights to honor. On his coat lapel is a small silver maple leaf, the gift of a lady who is the leader of Canadian women, a lover of everything which is good and noble and true, and Canadian.

Personally, Mr. Muir does not despise fame, but he has not courted it. He loves Canada, he loves her British freedom, her British-born institutions, and her British connections. Out of the fulness of his intense patriotism, he has given the country that he loves a song as enthusiastic, as patriotic, and as noble as he is himself. By so doing he has done as much as any other of our national heroes to create and mould that national life which is now surging within her veins, and developing her into a queen among the nations.

His simple frankness, his cheerful contentedness, his open nobility and kindly good-humor have made him a universal favorite among those who have been honored with his acquaintance. His high integrity, his love of truth and right, have made him a noble husband, a loving father, and an admirable model for the Canadian youth, among whom he has spent his life.

In 1890 Mr. Muir wrote another beautiful song, 'Canada, Land of the Maple Tree,' of which the first verse and chorus are:

No foreign power shall o'er us rule,
Our liberties enthral;
Fair British play shall hold the sway,
With equal rights for all.
No other race shall e'er displace
The sons from Britain sprung;
Our school shall teach our noble speech,
The Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Chorus.

We're Britons born, are Britons still,
And Britons aye shall be,
The Union Jack, the flag we love,
Shall guard our Maple tree.

A copy of this was sent by the author to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and he replied that he would adopt the chorus as his life motto. Although he lived only a short time afterwards, it was long enough to make famous his well-known phrase (suggested by the chorus):

'A British subject I was born,
A British subject I will die.'

OH, PLEDGE ME NOT WITH WINE.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love.
I shrink from its ruddy glow
And white and cold a deathly fear
Drops into my heart like snow.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love,
Through its mist of rosy foam,
I count the beats of a broken heart,
I see a desolate home.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love,
I shiver with icy dread.
Each drop to me is a tear of blood,
That sorrowful eyes have shed.

I have a picture laid away
Under the dust of years,
Come look on it, and your heart will break
Like a summer cloud in tears.

Night, and a storm of autumn sleet,
A heart without fire or light,
A woman—an angry man—a door
That opens into the night.

Hot hands that cling to the crazy latch,
Lips rigid and white with pain,
A curse, a blow, and a wailing babe,
Borne out in the wind and rain.

A woman dead, with her long loose hair,
Soaked wet in the weeping storm,
And her pallid arms are half thrown back
From a baby's waxen form.

A woman dead in the pitiles storm,
And sparkling on the sand,
Dear God—a golden marriage ring,
Dropped loose from her wasted hand.

A white moon striving through broken clouds,
A horrified man at prayer,
The cry of a passionate heart's remorse,
And a passionate heart's despair.

This is the picture laid away
Under the dust of years,
For thus does the red wine look to me,
The flowing of bloody tears.

Oh, pledge me not, though the wine is bright,
As the rarest light that flows,
Through the sunset's cloudy gates of fire,
Or the morning's veil of rose.

Put down the cup, 'tis brimmed with blood,
Crushed throbbing from hearts like mine,
For hope, for peace, and love's dear sake
Oh, pledge me not with wine.

THE RESURRECTION.

In the course of his wanderings among the pyramids of Egypt Lord Lindsay, the celebrated English traveller, accidentally came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be at least two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was carefully unwrapped he found in one of its enclosed hands a small root. Wondering how long vegetable life could last, he took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in course of time, a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, that root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

This interesting incident suggested to Mrs. S. H. Bradford, an American poet, the following thoughts upon the Resurrection :

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly, in a far-off land;
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth,
That man had lived and loved and died,
And even in that far-off time,
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went;
The dead man kept its treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When, lo! the life long hidden there
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low,
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed,
And died, two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will not He from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye! though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we bear,
Only one more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For, 'In my flesh shall I see God,
E'en though I sleep two thousand year.'

MARION HARTLEY'S EASTER BONNET.

(By Nettie Dayton Dawley.)

'There comes Marion, with that old hat on. Why hasn't she a new Easter bonnet? You wouldn't catch me sitting up here, where every one can see me without one.'

Thus spoke Jennie Kane, the alto singer of one of the large up-town churches. Miss Brown, the organist, to whom these words had been addressed, merely answered, 'You know Marion is odd, anyway. I dare say she don't think of her hat, or of Easter, either.'

'Well, I think I would, if I was to sing a solo as she is," responded Miss Jennie.

Marion Hartley had now joined them, and in her own sweet way referred to the beautiful decorations, the delightful morning, and took her usual part in the morning service, seemingly unmindful of the new hats and Easter gowns, except now and then as she would receive a nudge from Miss Jennie, with a remark of So-and-So's bonnet, or of Miss Somebody's new dress.

At the close of the morning service Marion held the choir for a moment, and requested them to all accompany her to the general hospital that afternoon.

'I have seen the matron,' she said, 'and she says it would be so acceptable to have us sing there for an hour.'

It was with some difficulty she secured their services, especially that of Harry Miller, the bass singer.

'I have no taste for such things,' he said, but taste or no taste, Marion did not propose to let him off, and by considerable coaxing secured his promise to accompany them.

Three o'clock that afternoon found one of the finest quartettes of the city at the hospital, for such was this choir considered. First to an assembly room, where the convalescents were gathered, not many to sing to, but certainly an appreciative audience. Here, as well as all through the building, were seen the marks of some kind and generous givers, for everywhere were Easter flowers; and as they would pause to notice the tag attached to a plant or a card hanging from a beautiful bouquet, they would read such words as these : 'Easter Greetings from the King's Daughters,' 'The Tabernacle M. E. Church Greetings,' or the 'Christian Endeavor of the First Presbyterian Church, Easter Wishes,' and so on.

Into the wards where lay the sick they were led, and as they glanced down through the rows of white beds, and their many still whiter occupants, not one but what felt its solemn influence, not one but what felt it a pleasure to even try to cheer their weary hearts, and help them forget, if but for a moment, their pain and suffering.

Harry Miller had brought his guitar to accompany them. The singing we cannot describe. It seemed to come from the hearts of those who listened. Many were the tears, as hymn after hymn was rendered, along through the different wards. Now and then a patient would make a request for something special, as did little Mary Sharp ask for 'We shall gather at the river,' words so soon to become for her a reality; for but a few days before her mother had 'passed over,' and she was only waiting for the summons to join the sainted throng.

They were about to go, when one of the attendants asked that they would come to the private ward just the other side of the room.

'In there,' he remarked, 'lies what has been a most critical case. To-day the physicians pronounce him out of danger. He is a young man away from home and friends, and he has undergone a most dangerous operation. He heard your music and wants you to come in and sing to him.'

The door opened and they entered. A hymn was sung; then the sick man said : 'Sing "Jesus lover of my soul."'

Scarcely had they reached the end of one line when with a feeble but clear tenor he accompanied them the remainder of the stanza. As he did so Harry Miller seemed startled, he moved cautiously to where he could look into the face of the patient; as he did so their eyes met.

'Ah, Wilbur Davenport, is that you?' exclaimed Harry Miller, as he grasped the sick man's hand.

Yes, it was Wilbur Davenport, Harry Miller's college chum, whom he had not seen for six years. What a surprise, what a reunion. How thankful all were to witness it. How Harry Miller now thanked Marion Hartley for insisting upon his visit to the hospital.

After a few minutes' conversation between the new-found friends, Wilbur Davenport pointed to a beautiful bouquet of roses standing on the table, and said, 'That has brought to me a new life, a new hope.'

Then he related how on his awaking that beautiful Easter morning he had found it on his table, with a dainty card attached bearing several Bible texts, texts that had shown him his need of a risen Redeemer.

'The Lord, I feel, has sent it to me. He has taken this means of bringing me to know my need of a personal Saviour, for my nurse says the bouquet came with the message, to place it where it would convey the greatest joy—where most needed. Ah, those texts have been "words of life" to me, yes, "wonderful words of life."'

Scarcely was the last sentence ended when Marion sang, soft and low :

Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life;
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life.
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.'

When she finished they saw tears in his eyes, saw he was weary, and quietly they withdrew, Harry Miller promising to see him on the following day.

As they passed through the hall Marion remarked : 'In that bouquet of roses, and one plant I saw by another patient's bed, went my Easter bonnet. Ah, do you think I regret it? The Lord has answered the prayer that accompanied them—the prayer that some soul might be awakened, some soul feel the presence of our risen Lord.'

As they parted, they all agreed they had not only conveyed happy Easter greetings to others, but had received a joy and blessing long to be remembered.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON XXXIII.—The cost of Tobacco.

1. Does the use of tobacco cost much money?

Not at first, perhaps; but the user comes to spend more and more for it as his appetite increases, till often it costs him hundreds of dollars a year.

2. What amount is annually spent in Canada for tobacco?

Twenty millions of dollars.

3. What would this annual expenditure for tobacco accomplish, if used for the public good?

It would pay the gross Dominion debt within fifteen years; support twenty thousand missionaries every year.

4. How much tobacco is produced in the United States?

About 280,000 tons every year. Of this more than half is used here, the rest being sold to other countries.

5. How much money is spent for tobacco in a year?

About six hundred millions of dollars.

6. Is this as much as is spent for schools?

It is seven times as much as is spent for schools, and one hundred times what is spent for missions.

7. Do you think that is right?

No, indeed. The Lord Jesus commanded His people to teach everybody of His love, and they have no right to neglect to do this and spend their money for that which only does them harm.

8. In what other way is tobacco a great expense?

In the idleness it often induces. Tobacco stupefies the nerves and robs people of their ambition and activity, so that the tobacco-user is far less valuable for work than he would otherwise be.

9. Can you think of any other loss it causes?

Yes, hundreds of thousands of acres of land that ought to be used for the cultivation of good grain and vegetables are devoted to the tobacco crop, which only does harm. And hundreds of thousands of people who should be doing useful things to make the world richer and happier, are engaged in cultivating tobacco and in its manufacture and sale.

10. What other expense does tobacco bring?

It often leads on to drink, which is the most destructive and expensive of habits.

11. Do you know of any other loss caused by tobacco?

A very great number of fires are caused by the carelessness of smokers, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property are destroyed in this way.

12. Have you ever heard of such a case?

A plumber at work in a great manufactory lighted his pipe at noon and threw the match into what he thought was a pan of water, but which was something very explosive. Instantly the room was on fire, and five great blocks, worth a million of dollars, were burned.

13. What do insurance agents say about this matter?

One insurance agent has said that one-third or more of all the fires on his circuit are caused by cigars and pipes.

14. Why do people not give up tobacco when it is so harmful and costs so much?

Because their bodies are so used to tobacco that they are uncomfortable without it. If they leave off, their bodies, not having to fight against the poison, feel tired and sick. Then there comes a complete cleaning up of the body, and the man, not understanding the case, thinks he is ill and must have tobacco to cure him; and so he takes it up again.

15. Is there really any danger to be feared in leaving off the habit?

Not at all. The man should live simply, rest a good deal, and take excellent care of himself for a few days, until the body becomes accustomed to the loss of its old enemy. Sometimes a little medicine to strengthen the nerves will be needed. But soon the man will find himself rapidly growing strong and well.

16. And what should boys and girls do?

Determine never to use tobacco at all. Then they will save their bodies from the poison, their purses from the waste, and their souls from the sin of tobacco.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Many facts may be given to illustrate this lesson. A gentleman who had left off the use of tobacco put every month into the savings bank just the sum he had been accustomed to spend for it. After a few years he bought with the money thus saved a beautiful seaside cottage where he and his family could spend all the hot summer months. Many such instances are on record. Use every influence to form in the children's minds a fixed resolve never to use tobacco in any form.

[For the 'Messenger.'

CHRIST IS RISEN.

Nor bands of death, nor gates of hell,
Could keep the Mighty Conqueror low,
He burst the brazen fetters free,
He overcame death's bitter throe.

The stillness of that guarded tomb
Was pregnant with o'ercoming power,
It broke, and all hell's minions shook
To see the Victor's crowning hour.

He rose, He walks before to-day,
And bids us follow; we shall see
His risen glory, as of old
Earth saw his anguish on the tree.

And walking in the Emmaus road
Of sorrow and distrust, so drear,
Shall hear His soft, sweet accents fall,
Shall feel His cheering presence near.

The stillness of our heart's deep grief
Teems with His secret presence, meet
To make the desert journey bright,
To turn the bitter waters sweet.

And shall we not arise with Him,
Shining because He bids us shine,
Show in our hearts the risen Christ
Shedding abroad His light divine?

KATE E. MACPHERSON.

Lunenburg.

The missionary spirit that is abroad in Christian Endeavor was manifested strikingly at a joyous service held by a Christian Endeavor Society at St. Thomas, Ont. These three questions were asked at the consecration meeting: 1. How many would be willing, if they knew it to be the Lord's will, to go to a foreign mission field? 2. How many would like to go? 3. How many expect to go? Notice had been given four weeks in advance that these questions would be asked. Of the eighty active members thirty-five answered affirmatively to the first question, twenty to the second, and nine to the third.

HIS FIRST EASTER.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

(By Thomas W. Davis.)

[The writer of the following was only a few years ago an unlettered Welsh mine boy in Pennsylvania. He is now one of the brightest of college boys and an orator of great promise. —Ed. 'Constitution.']

To-day the whole nation is staggering before the mighty onslaughts of the rum power. It is against this foe of civilization, this enemy of mankind, that I shall address my remarks.

It seems to me the ravages of this monster are so apparent that even the most eloquent would fail to add anything to what your own eyes have seen.

Take, for instance, the financial loss. We expend in the liquor traffic every year in the United States five times as much as the value of all the church property of the country, eighteen times as much as the cost of public education, 150 times as much as the annual ministerial salaries, 180 times as much as is paid by the whole world in the cause of missions. Turn this wasted capital into the channels of trade, and the hum of industry would ring out such music as has not gladdened the ears of mankind since the morning stars sang together.

Then consider the moral evils. Do you fully realize the fact that three-fourths of the crimes committed and brought to trial can be traced to the influence of intoxicating drinks? Have you considered the saddening and gloomy fact that 100,000 of our fellow citizens are mercilessly slaughtered every year by the ravages of this fiend of fiends, while 100,000 more are swinging and swaying in the round of drunkenness, from which they are dropping into the bottomless pit?

Think, also, of the political evils due to the saloon. Under its corrupting influences the immigrant refuses his first lessons in American politics. There he is taught that he is not expected to think for himself, but implicitly to obey his party mandates, reverence the saloon keepers of his ward and on election day be thankful that he can sell his vote for a few paltry dollars or a debauch on bad whiskey. Do you wonder at these terrible facts, when, within a radius of one-half mile from Castle Garden are located four hundred saloons? In each of our larger cities we have the Irish vote, the German vote, the Italian vote. Natural enough, of course, but dangerous enough, too, when you consider that 'every saloon is a political club house,' and the education given therein is an education in political corruption. It is, after all, in this aspect of the saloon we have most to fear, that it has become a creator and a rallying point of corrupt forces in politics. 'It is this above all,' says one, 'that makes the drink question one that lies at the foundation of all social and moral reform.'

Think of it—240,000 saloons sending their black streams of corruption, desolation and death into every nook and corner of this fair land. All this, in spite of the fact that it lies within the province of our political parties to wipe out this terrible curse.

What, then, is the saloon to us? 'It is in the saloon,' says one, 'that Anarchism finds a rendezvous and an inspiration, and the red flag never floated to the American breeze except from the American saloon.' In the trial of the Anarchists at Chicago, time and again, the witnesses said, 'We went to this saloon, that saloon, the other saloon.' The saloon figured constantly in the trial. The conspirators met 'in the saloon.' The dynamite bomb was discussed 'in the saloon.' Schemes for the overthrow of our most sacred institutions were concocted 'in the saloon.' Nowhere under the blue canopy of heaven does there exist so much treason, so much rebellion, so much murder as 'in the saloons' of this country.

If there is one who denies the evils of the saloon let him think of the heinous crimes committed under its influence; let him hear the shrieks and groans of maniacs and idiots in our madhouses; let him picture to himself the shamed sisters and broken-hearted mothers; let him compute, if he can, the fortunes squandered, hopes crushed, happy homes made desolate, affections blasted and characters ruined; then let him say the saloon is not a curse to our land, and the words will burn on his lying lips. Oh, intemperance, thou demon, thou breeder of crime, thou hatcher of all kinds of misery, when wilt thou cease thy hellish ravages? Drunkenness is the national vice of America.

Learning wisdom and gaining conquering strength from a knowledge of the past, let us, laying aside all party distinctions; unfurl the white standard of national prohibition, a standard never yet dishonored, and which, upheld by the stalwart hands of its adherents, will yet wave triumphant over a land 'redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled.'

A B C FOR TEMPERANCE NURSERY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

S For foolish stuff called Stout,
Which really makes men weak.
I think it's time that we look out,
And mean just what we speak.

'Stand up for the right' is a good motto. Speak out for what is good. Do not sit silent when there is a question of what is right. Shun all bad words and ways. Be good boys and you are sure to be good men.

T For Teetotal Pledge, which says
That we will never take
One drop that leads to drunken ways.
Our pledge we will not break.

Temperance and Teetotal are long words. But I hope you will learn to spell them. Take a Teetotal Pledge, which says that you will never use anything which can intoxicate.

OPPORTUNITY.

The key of yesterday
I threw away.
And now, too late,
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate,
Helpless I stand—in vain to pray!
In vain to sorrow!
Only the key of yesterday
Unlocks to-morrow.
—Priscilla Leonard, in the 'Outlook.'

MAY'S FREAK.

Blossom—'May' — 'Mary Elizabeth Akers'—they were all three the names of a litle girl, with hat decked and her hands filled with wild flowers, and her hair streaming in the breeze as she joins quite merrily in the very interesting game of 'Follow My Leader.'

I am going to tell you about 'May's picnic,' as her mamma called it; 'Blossom's freak,' as teasing Dick dubbed it; but the little girl whispered it to herself as 'My King's Daughter's work.'

To begin at the beginning we must go back two years to the day when Mrs. Akers began to wear a little silver cross and explained to her little daughter that the cross meant that her mamma was a daughter of the King—our Lord Jesus.'

'But I belong to Him, too, mamma; I must wear the pretty cross too.'

'If Blossom wears the cross she must do a really hard thing.'

'Is it as bad as taking medicine, mamma?'

'It is to give up trying to make Blossom happy, and instead to think of Bridget, Tottie and Dick. It will not always be easy, my pet; it is not always easy for mamma.'

'Is that the reason you gived away your concert tickets?' asked the little girl.

Her mamma whispered, 'Yes, but I did not mean any but the King to know.'

Blossom said no more at that time, but her mother noticed that the little girl was very careful to put others before herself, and about a fortnight later she said:

'I wish, mamma, you'd let me wear the cross for a "try" week. I'll take it off if I'm selfish.'

That was the beginning. Two years later came a summer in the country, when Blossom at once set about picking flowers twice a week for the Flower Mission. One day she came running in with her flowers, calling for mamma:

'Oh, I've such an idea! Such a lovely plan if you can only let me do it.'

'Well?'

'It's a big plan' said Blossom slowly, 'and a 'spensive one, I'm afraid, but—mamma, aren't you going to get me a lovely white sash and a Leghorn hat?'

'Yes, dear, I've promised myself that treat.'

Blossom's face fell. 'Why, did you care, mamma? I didn't know that your heart was set on it—just like mine.'

'Don't you love to see Tottie in her pretty new dress and slippers?'

'I guess I do! Isn't she cunning! And do you feel that way 'bout me? Oh, I see! And papa feels that way 'bout you! When you put on that pretty tea-gown he looked so pleased!'

'But what's your plan, Blossom?'

'Well, I thought if you didn't buy me the sash and the hat, perhaps you could buy tickets for some girls to come here for a week that can't go to the country. We'd have a picnic and give them lots of good times—"In His Name."'

'I am not sure that papa would care to have rough children spending a week with his youngsters.'

'I didn't mean truly poor, but friends, only we'd pick out poor friends. There's Maggie and Jessie Loring. Then the twins, Ruth and Rufus—Ruth won't go without her brother.'

'Four visitors mean a good deal of extra bed-making and dish-washing.'

'I'll do all I can to help, mamma,' said Blossom, very earnestly.

Mamma hadn't the heart to tease her dear little girl another moment. 'Let me do the extra work for my share,' she said. 'I'm sure papa will agree, so you can plan your party for the first week in July.'

What a happy little girl Blossom was! She ran off to tell Dick, who, to tease her, called the picnic a 'freak,' but he went quietly to his mother and said:

'Mother, won't you put Blossom up to asking Joe Loring? He's a real nice fellow. Then there's a boy in our Sunday-school class that's an orphan; can't you ask him?'

'Certainly. I'll tell Blossom you—'

'Now, mother, don't! I wouldn't have her know! But you write to Miss Williams and see if Tom Driscoll can't come—I'd just like to have him see a real mother!'

That made six, and at the last moment Miss Williams asked if little Jim Parker could be taken with Tom. Ten children in one house! Can't you imagine the fun. They came out with Mr. Akers late on Friday afternoon.

The week fairly flew; but as the picnic was to be on Friday that did not matter.

And when Friday came and the picnic, the children sang and feasted, and, last of all, they started 'Follow My Leader,' and Tom led them such a dance!

And when the day was over Blossom lay in her own litle bed with such a happy look on her fair face that Mrs. Akers called her husband to see it.

'She does indeed "Follow the Leader," doesn't she?' said Mrs. Akers.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

THE FIDELITY OF THE STARS.

Once, as I entered the observatory of Harvard College at the close of the day, a friend who had led me there asked that I might be shown the new instrument that had just been introduced. The professor replied courtecusly, 'Yes, I think there may be time enough yet for him to see a star, if you will find one.' My companion 'found one' by looking in a worn little book of astronomical tables lying there on the desk, and replied quietly, 'There is one at 5.20.' So in a hurried instant the covering was stripped off from the great brass tube, and prone upon his back, under the eye-piece, lay the enthusiastic professor. While my friend stood by, with what seemed a tack-hammer in his hand, I noticed that he kept his eye on a tall chronometer clock near us. Suddenly two sounds broke the impressive stillness; we had been waiting for the stars. One was the word, 'There,' spoken by the professor; the other was the tap of the hammer on the stone top of the table by my companion. Both occurred at the same instant—the same particle of an instant; they were positively simultaneous. But the man who spoke the word could not see the clock; he was looking at the star that came swinging along till it touched the spider web line in his instrument; and the other man who struck the hammer stroke could not see the star; he was looking at the second-hand on the dial plate. When the index in its simplicity of regular duty marked twenty minutes after five there fell the click on the stone; and then, too, there came on in the heavens, millions of miles away, one of God's stars, having no speech, but rolling in on time, as He bade it ages ago!

Then I was invited to look in and see the world of light and beauty as it swept by the next fibre in the tube. But afterwards I went curiously to the book, and found that it had been published ten years before, and that its calculations ran far away into the future, and that it had been based on calcultions a thousand years old. And God's fidelity to the covenant of nature, here now almost three thousand years after David had made the nineteenth Psalm, had brought the glorious creature of the sky into the field of Harvard College's instrument just as that patient clock reached the second needed for the truth of the ancient prediction. Need I say that these two professors almost wondered (so used to such things were they) at the awe-struck devotion, the hushed reverence, with which I left the room?—Dr. C. S. Robinson.

A FAT-TAILED SHEEP.

A sheep with an enormous tail, a tail so big that the animal is unable to get about, is now attracting the attention of zoologists at Hagenbeck's New York depot for wild and curious animals. The sheep hails from Kirchiz, which forms part of the Asiatic empire under the sway of the white Czar. It is a remarkable fact that the sheep was found in the steppes, in a desolate prairie district where the vegetation is of the poorest. Not unlike the American watermelon that flourishes on the driest sort of soil, this sheep has accumulated an unheard of amount of fat on pasture absolutely devoid of nutritious elements.

The animal is short, with soft, white wool. Though only three years old, the enormous development of its tail is such that it would have starved if left to care of itself in the plains where Hagenbeck's traveller discovered the phenomenon. The sheep was lying down when first seen, and when the stranger approached made ineffectual efforts to rise upon its forelegs, but the big tail dragged it down continuously. Noting this interesting animal freak, the agent placed the sheep in his carriage, and on the journey home attached a board below the tail to protect it from injury. In Hamburg a two-wheeled carriage was constructed, and by its aid the sheep now carries its tail gracefully and advantageously.

The broad-tailed sheep, which is quite common in the fertile parts of Asia, especially India and China, belongs to the same variety of the species as the fat-rumped sheep of southern Tartary. The latter is distinguished by an accumulation of fat on the rump falling in two great masses behind, and often entirely concealing the tail; in the broad-tailed sheep the accumulations are on each side of the tail.

The fat is less solid than that of other parts of the animal. It has the taste of butter, and is highly esteemed as a delicacy.

The tail of the animal pictured weighs twenty-five pounds. The animal without the tail weighs sixty pounds.

Be like the bird that, halting in her flight
A while on bough too slight,
Feels it give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.
—Victor Hugo.

THE SHEEP WITH THE 25 POUND TAIL.

ISRAFIL.

(Continued from First Page.)

'Lo! down the airy waste
Four shining angels haste.'

The parting and the coming angel host.
Stay thy impetuous feet—
One moment now absented from thy post,
And all is lost.
The serpent watches well: thou shalt return too late.

VII.

An hour is past,
All Eden sleeps in motionless repose.
Around, above, he casts his restless eyes,
And sighs to think how long the night will last.
The moon rides slowly, slowly down the skies.
Surely far off have vanished Eden's foes;
No evil spirit can be lurking near.
No sound, no breath, meets his attentive ear.
So long the night, so deep the silence grows,
May he not wander at his wayward will.
If not too distant from the sentinel hill?
Only a few light steps will bring him near
The bower of which the angels oft have told.
There in the moonlight clear
A moment tarrying, he may behold,
And seeing may believe
That only he has learned how beautiful is Eve.

VIII.

As now with wilful steps he seeks
The bower where she is slumbering.
The dew brushed by his rapid wing
From hanging boughs falls on his cheeks,
His feet are trampling in their haste
The straying rose, a wildwood vine
Whose flowers the mossy pathway graced.
He starts when in the bright moonshine
A bird, awakened, trills a note,
Then sleeps, the song still rippling from his throat.
But soon he trembles, listens, doubts no more.
All else forgotten, he is bending o'er
The violet bed, amid whose blest perfume
Earth's fairest being sleeps, unconscious of her doom.

IX.

She sleeps—she dreams;
For now a smile hovers with tender grace
About her lips. The beauty of her face
A breathing wonder to the angel seems.
Her dark eyelashes rest
Motionless on the warm flush of her cheek;
Her lips part softly, as if she would speak,
But had in dream-land lost the word she fain would seek;
One hand is lightly clasped about a rose
Which fully open blows,
Too blest to share its sister flower's repose;
And, veiling her white breast,
Falls wave on wave of lustrous golden hair.
Like one enchanted, in the moonlight glow
The angel lingers still, and murmurs low,
'Daughter of earth—how fair!'

X.

'Israfil! Israfil!'
The cry rings through the startled night
The angels speed in sudden fright
Toward the unprotected gate.
On wings of fear flies Israfil—
Alas! he flies too late.
His brother angels, flashing by,
Already with pure sense perceive
An evil lurking nigh.
A change comes o'er the moon-lit sky;
The wind begins to sigh and grieve;
The garden feels a sudden chill,
The breath of coming fate.
'Where hast thou strayed, O Israfil?
The serpent's taint is on the air;
The son of darkness, once as fair
And frail as thou, is come!'
He hides his face in his despair,
And stands before them dumb.

XI.

All night the angels to and fro
Seek for the messenger of woe.
He, subtle, silent, still eludes
Their search. In densest solitudes
Evades the lustre that is shed
From their celestial tread.
At morn, recalled, they seek the skies.
But Israfil, with drooping wings,
No longer heavenward can arise,
To earth unwilling clings.
Through all that fateful day, hour after hour,
With deepest sorrow thrilled,
He stands invisible, apart—
Sees evil warring with the human heart,
And Eden's doom fulfilled.

XII.

When in the evening cool the Lord appears,
Sees the forbidden tree with broken bloom,
The garden desolate and lost in gloom,
The mortals hiding from His searching gaze,
Israfil, speechless, hears
Their fate pronounced, sees their repentant tears,
And death's dread shadow hanging o'er their days.
And now on him the rays
Of the Eternal Vision fall; the word
Of his own doom is heard:
'Since death by thee is come unto the earth,
Be thou its messenger. Thy name shall be
A terror unto all of human birth:
The shadow of the grave forever follow thee!'

XIII.

In Eden it was early dawn—
How changed since in the even-time
The angel saw it in its prime!
The erring mortals now were gone.
He stood within their empty bower alone.
Above his head
A little bird was warbling cheerily;
The music mocked and pained his misery.
He raised his hand, unconscious of his power,
And grasped the bough which held the dainty nest,
And the branch shrivelled in his hand; with breast
Panting in sudden pain, the bird fell dead.
Aghast, he sized a flower—
The rose which Eve's fair hand at night had pressed.
Beneath his touch it withered; bud and leaf
Dropped dry and scentless. In a bitter grief
He murmured, 'This is death!
And this henceforth shall be my destiny:
To slay, but not to die—
To blight all things of mortal breath;
All earthly loveliness to sear;
All that yon beings hold most dear
Must perish when my steps draw near.
Nor can I shun my fearful power,
Or spare from them one dreaded hour.
Onward I go through all the years,
Unheeding human prayers and tears.
Let mortals seek through toil and fears
Some transient gleams of love and joy—
I follow after to destroy.'

XIV.

'Israfil!'
The angel looked, and bowed his face
Before a brow whose sweet, majestic grace
Had shone upon him oft in happier morn
From the eternal hill
Whose dazzling height reveals the Father's throne.
Immanuel, the First-Born,
Stood smiling on him in the early dawn.
'Israfil, behold!'
The Son takes in His hand the withered rose;
Its petals seem like magic to unfold;
A new celestial bloom,
A heavenly perfume,
Through the awakened blossom breathes and glows.
The Saviour, smiling, lays it on His breast.
He takes the dead bird from its broken nest;
It flutters, plumes its wings,
Then rapturously sings,
And soars away toward the beaming heaven.
Then spake He: 'Israfil,
The Father to the Son a boon hath given.
Go forth, but I am with thee. Do His will
Who laid this doom upon thee, and be still.
Thou dost destroy, but thus can I restore.
Angel of death, arise, and hope once more!
From Abel's blood spilt on the altar stone,
To Calvary's cross which I must bear alone,
Thou shalt be terrible to human kind,
And hope but dimly light the troubled mind;
But from that grave which yields to me its portal,
Faith shall come forth, the Comforter Immortal.
And thou, new crowned, shalt be
Seen by believing eyes linked hand in hand with Me.'

XV.

Thus spake Immanuel, and, ascending, passed
Again unto His Father's house, to keep
Unbroken watch, while Time and Sorrow last,
Of His beloved, who in death shall sleep.
And Israfil arose serene and calm,
And, with one last look upon Eden's bower,
Went forth into the morning's fragrant balm
To wield for evermore his melancholy power.

XVI.

Israfil,
Let thy sickle return to the harvest that gleams
White and wan on valley and hill,
For my lyre is still.

'The serpent king with envious hate
Whispers, to tempt thy angelhood.'

The song that I heard in the land of dreams
Is sung, and its magic shall haunt me no more.
Ever yet to the unseen shore
Bear earth's harvest—the loved and lost.
Often thy shadow my door has crossed;
I have seen thy icy fingers laid
On lips that I loved, and was not afraid.
Following close on thy chill and gloom,
Reaching up from the darkened tomb,
Was the very odor of heavenly bloom
Shed from His garments who followed thee,
And took my idols to keep for me.
Israfil!
Come again at the Master's will.
At thy cross and pang my flesh may shrink
But thy bitter cup I will dare to drink,
And follow thee down to the river's brink.
Through the breathless tide
I will cling to the hand of the Crucified;
And when I awake on the further shore,
I shall see thee no more
Sad and shrouded in garments dim,
But the angel of peace and brother of Him
Who crowned thee and blessed thee on Calvary's hill,
Israfil!

'FROM ABEL'S BLOOD SPILT ON THE ALTAR STONE.'

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

A two-dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine, writes a lady in Boston, which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following:

'Wife, children and over $40,000 all gone; I alone am responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a fortune. I am not yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money, and my history.

'If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin.'

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